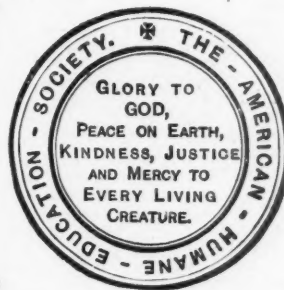


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy,"

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



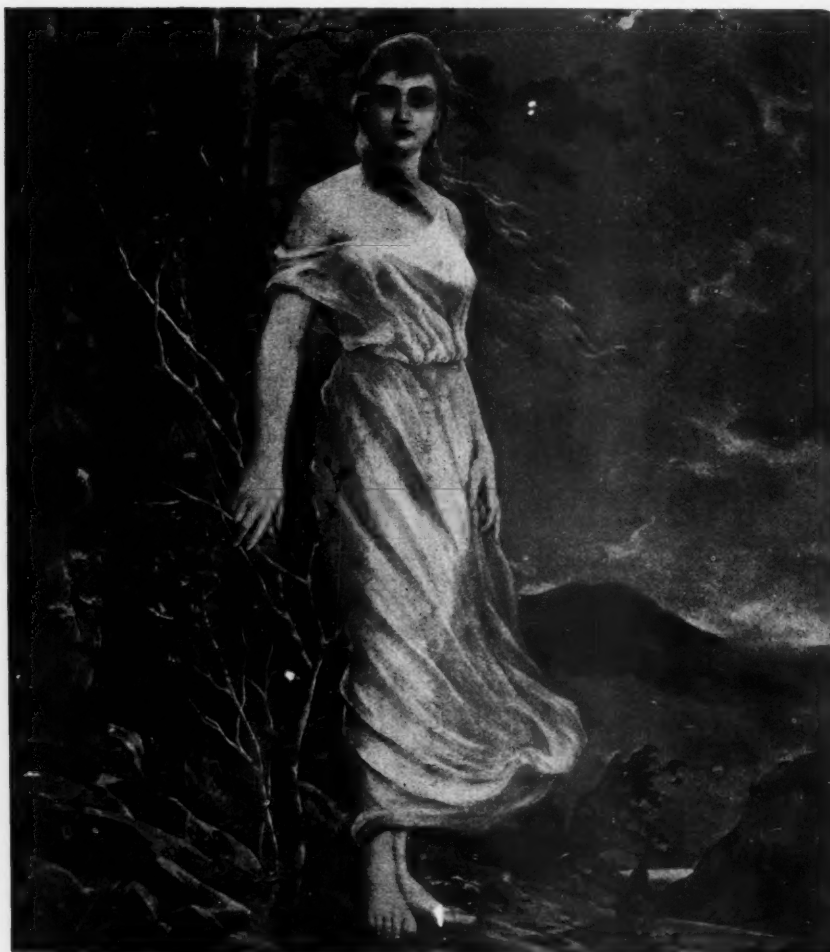
CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 29.

Boston, September, 1896.

No. 4.



THE SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAINS.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Some people do not believe there are spirits—think the holiest saint that ever lived on earth and the foulest pirate fare at death precisely the same—no compensation hereafter for innocent suffering and no punishment for wrong.

But thousands of millions who have lived through the centuries have believed—and millions who live now do believe—as firmly in the spiritual world as in their own existence.

Whence come the thoughts, good and bad that come to us day and night? from no where? out of nothing? or from powers of good and evil ever about us, but invisible to mortal eyes?

When such men as Agassiz [the greatest scientist perhaps we ever had on this continent] believe in the spiritual immortality of *animals* is it wise for lesser intellects to deny the spiritual immortality of human beings? *We think not.* GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE REMEDY FOR PRESENT HARD TIMES.

We do not pretend to understand much more about finance than the cobbler whom the old Dutch Governor of New York, Peter Stuyvesant, found haranguing a crowd in a public street, and told that if he ever caught him again prating of things he knew nothing about he would tan his hide for drum heads that he might thereafter make noise to some purpose.

But it seems to us (1) that when we can buy a good Japanese tooth brush in a Boston drug store for five cents, American workmen on tooth brushes must be in a bad fix unless they can live as cheaply as the Japanese—and so with everything else manufactured in China, Japan, or by cheap labor either in Europe or elsewhere, and that American workmen must in some way be protected against both the products of cheap labor and the importation of cheap laborers.

(2) And if (as claimed) there is, through the vastly increasing use of machinery, an over-production of American products then it seems to us that the remedy is a cutting down of the hours of labor which shall lessen the over-production without lessening the wages paid.

And (3) in regard to the recent enormous accumulations of wealth which threaten, if continued, to place nearly all the financial power of the nation in few hands.

It seems to us that there must be a stop put to this business, either by peaceful legislation or by a vastly more dangerous process.

How can it be done peacefully?

In Venice when, through the accumulation of wealth,

the rich began to exhibit their riches in costly and glittering gondolas, a law was enacted that *all gondolas should be painted black*.

When we were in Venice they were all so painted and we presume they are to this day.

We think a peaceful way out of this great national danger may be found through *limiting the amount of property which any one person shall be permitted to hold* and compelling all over that sum to be given to charities, or by severe taxation paid into the public treasury, for public improvements or otherwise.

If this be declared unconstitutional then *change the constitution*.

But what shall the limit be?

Well, we think that a million of dollars is about as much as one person should be permitted to hold.

After that limit has been reached we think the rest had better go to assist the poor, relieve the suffering, or otherwise for the public benefit.

Now, as we have said we do not know much about finance but we respectfully ask our readers to carefully consider whether on the whole any better plan can be found leading out of our present financial difficulties and dangers than

(1) To protect American toilers against the products of cheap labor.

(2) Reduce the hours of labor with no reduction of wages and

(3) Stop the vast accumulations of wealth in few hands by such enactments as shall make it impossible for any one person to hold over a million of dollars.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

IN HARD TIMES

Spend all the money you can afford.

Every dollar you pay A helps A to pay B, and B to pay C, and so on all through the alphabet.

Every dollar you hoard up makes it harder for the whole alphabet to buy anything new or pay for what they have already bought.

PLENTY OF WORK.

If we could have our way there should not be an able-bodied idle man in this country.

A million men could be easily employed today at fair wages on needed public improvements, and there is plenty of money to pay them *only it is not rightly divided*.

Let no man be permitted to hold over a million of dollars, and see what power the extra millions would give to furnish work to all who need it.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

TO SETTLE THE DIFFICULTIES BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOR.

Read our "*American Humane Education Society's*" prize essays on above subject, which we send without charge to all persons who ask.

THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

Under a free government the majority should rule, but in the U. S. Senate little states of some 50,000 or more population have the same power to enact or prevent the enactment of laws as the great states of New York and Pennsylvania with it may be fifty or a hundred times their population.

This is a great wrong which sooner or later must be remedied.

But how?

It has been the law of Massachusetts for generations that the judges hold office for life.

But years ago, when the judges of our Court of "*Common Pleas*" became unpopular

the people of Massachusetts abolished the court and created in place of it a new court [The Superior] with new judges.

If no better plan can be found the American people may conclude to change the Constitution, abolish the Senate and create in place of it another body with similar powers but a different name, and which shall properly represent the states in proportion to their population.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

TO DECLARE WAR.

If we remember rightly the power to declare war is vested in our Congress.

With such power there should clearly be *two legislative bodies* to discuss and vote upon it before war is declared, but if we could have our way, war should never be declared except by a majority vote of the whole nation, and on that question wives and mothers who have husbands or sons liable to be drafted, should have the right to vote.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

CHANGE THE CONSTITUTION.

In the progress of civilization since the world began, a good many constitutions have been changed, and a good many more will probably have to be before we arrive at perfection. Some people seem to regard a constitution as something that never can be changed. I am reminded by their talk of a little incident, which occurred in the British House of Commons. The speaker said to a gentleman who was then addressing the House, that unless he changed the tone of his remarks, he, [the speaker], would be compelled to call the gentleman by name; whereupon the gentleman inquired of the speaker, if he should call him by name what would happen, to which the speaker replied, "*the Lord only knows*."

To be sure in the olden time people who talked about having constitutions changed usually had their heads cut off, but at present the conservatives are contented with calling such people "*cranks*," and blowing them up in the newspapers.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FOR THE HORSES.

On August 10 and 11 appeared in *all our Boston daily papers* [accompanied in various cases by editorials commending our action] the following:

TO THE EDITOR:

Will you kindly permit me to say to drivers that in these extreme hot days if their horses show signs of suffering, it will greatly relieve them to thoroughly wet a pocket handkerchief with cold water, fold it and tuck it under the headstall, so as to cover the top of the head. Any driver can call at my office and get full printed information on the subject without charge.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

19 Milk Street.

From the *Boston Journal* we add this:

"One of the most successful veterinary surgeons in Boston also furnishes this advice as to prevention:

Use water liberally, when the horse is overheated, applying it with a sponge or hose over the head and body.

To avoid overheating make frequent applications of water over the head and face as is practiced by trainers of race horses.

The mortality among horses during this hot spell is unprecedented in this city since the time of the famous epidemic.

Never has it been so great on account of the heat alone."

ONE OF THE RESULTS.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President:

My object in writing is to relate an incident which I saw in the square at the end of Devonshire Street, on Tuesday. Two magnificent truck horses, attached to a dray upon which was loaded large rolls, evidently of paper, were refreshing themselves from the watering trough or fountain in the centre of

the square. The sun was fearfully hot and poured down with relentless fury. The driver while mopping his brow suddenly seemed to think of something, for he dismounted from his seat, taking with him two pieces of cloth, evidently bagging, and after soaking them in the fountain unbuckled the bridles on the horses and placed the wet cloths on top of the sweating animals' heads, after which he buckled the bridles again, holding them in place. I don't know as this incident is worth publishing, but thought it worth relating.

Respectfully yours,

W. B. PORTER.

OUR BOSTON TEAMSTERS.

From *Daily Evening Transcript*, August 18.

During the hot spell this week, it was with a distinct feeling of pleasure that I noticed on Tremont Street a horse, drawing a heavy wagon, with a damp sponge fastened between his ears, as recommended by the M. S. P. C. A. Being on a car, I failed to see the name on the wagon, but I did notice the driver, a good-looking, brown-faced fellow, in a straw hat and checked shirt. After ten years of business experience in this country, in many cities, which has brought me into contact with teamsters constantly, I feel bound to say, that *nowhere but in Boston have I found men whose work it is to handle draught horses, who seemed to consider their horses' interests identical with their own*. Whenever I see a team of four or six horses in Boston, I instinctively glance at the driver, and in every case find him to be a good-looking, temperate, clean fellow, to be classed with our firemen and policemen. A better representative class of men than our Boston teamsters could not be found in our country—they represent the men who carried the country through between '61 and '65. It is a trifling piece of work to place a damp sponge or cloth on a horse's head in such weather as we have just experienced, but one's heart goes out to the driver of a horse so equipped, and one feels like looking that driver up.

Some years ago the Teamsters' Association presented our M.S.P.C.A. a considerable sum from their treasury.

OUR COSTLY BACK BAY CHURCHES.

It is a terrible pity with all the costly churches scattered over Boston's aristocratic Back Bay, that so many *deserted cats* are found there.

It is a terrible pity that so many who attend some of those churches, cut off their horses tails and so cause them to be tormented all summer.

We saw at the seashore yesterday a poor cow almost driven crazy with the attacks of green flies.

There are many good people residing in our "Back Bay" district, but it is a terrible pity that there are so many other people residing there in palatial homes who have no thought or mercy for God's lower creatures.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ARISTOCRATIC SOCIETY.

We have received from a Boston lady evidently quite familiar with the doings of our "*aristocratic society*" a beautiful book of seventy-five pages with many pictorial illustrations in which she tells and shows how dumb animals are treated by those who ought to be more merciful. It is entitled "*The Burn Dance*" and we wish all those she describes could read it. She not only sends us the book but a liberal donation to aid our work. The book can be seen at our offices.

DON'T BE CROSS TO YOUR TYPEWRITER.

We have just read an amusing story of a man who undertook one morning to scold his typewriter.

She listened patiently to all he said, but when he added that he didn't want a *sheet of postage stamps* left on his table and told her to put them "*anywhere out of sight*" she drew them across her tongue, clapped them on top of his bald head, and taking up her things left the office.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over twenty-five thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "band and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the president.

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Mr. Angell's Address to the 61 High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.

3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of bands of mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



THE HORSE AS THE ALMIGHTY MADE HIM.

Used by kind permission of *The Buffalo Horse World*.

BISHOP WHIPPLE OF MINNESOTA AND HIS HORSE BASHAW.

Almost everybody in the United States either knows or has heard of Bishop Whipple, the Pioneer Bishop of Minnesota. Here is what he says of his noble horse "Bashaw," that served him in all the long wild journeys over that then new country.

"When I was appointed there was not a mile of railway in Minnesota. I could only travel on horseback or in a buggy or sleigh.

"Bashaw" was a kingly fellow, and had every sign of noble birth, a slim, delicate head, prominent eyes, small, active ears, large nostrils, full chest, thin gambrels, heavy cords, neat fetlocks, and black as a coal. He was my friend and companion in nearly 40,000 miles' travel, always full of spirit yet gentle as a girl. I never struck him but once, and that was to save his life and mine on the brink of a precipice; and when saved, the tears filled my eyes. He knew how I loved him and he loved me as well as horse ever loved his master. He never forgot any place where he had ever been, and many a time he has saved our lives when lost on the prairie. In summer heat and winter storm he kept every appointment, and it was done by heroic effort. It was no easy task to travel in winter over prairies without a house for twenty miles.

I recall time after time when we were lost. In 1861 I left New Ulm for the lower Sioux agency, when the thermometer was thirty-six degrees below zero at noon; there was an ugly freckled sky, and long rifts of clouds. For seven miles there were houses in the distance, and then twenty miles across the prairie without a house. We were in for it; our motto was, "No step backward." In about an hour we came to a place where the snow had been blown away; it was stubble and no sign of a road. I was lost! I turned the horses back to follow my sleigh tracks; the wind had obliterated them. We started in the direction of the agency. The country was full of little coolies, and soon I had both horses down in snow-drifts. After great efforts we got back on the prairie. Night had come on; not a star, the wind howling like wolves, I knelt down and said my

prayers, wrapped myself in buffalo robes, threw the reins on the dash-board, and prepared to let the horses walk where they would until daylight. About midnight old Bashaw stopped so suddenly that it threw me on to the dash-board. I jumped from the sleigh, and found an Indian trail which looked like a snake under the snow. I knew that one end of it was at the agency, but which, I knew not. We followed the trail until we saw a light. Never did a horse neigh more joyously as he sprang towards it; we were saved. Dear old fellow! As I put him in his stall he nipped me with his lips with a marvellous look out of those grand eyes, as much as to say, 'Master, all's well.'

So many have asked me to tell them about dear Bashaw, I am sure you will not blame me for telling you again about this brave creature of God."

"THAT CATTLE TRAIN."

Our "Massachusetts Reformatory" paper of August 1st gives an account of a great smash-up of a cattle train near Concord, where "The Reformatory" is located, where the animals that were not killed were turned into a hot pasture with no water.

We copy the following:

"But two or three things came out very prettily during the day. Of course a crowd from the village soon gathered around the scene, and in this village 'Bands of Mercy' were formed long ago and a generation of young people have grown up here under their influence. And when the young people saw the distress of those thirsty animals, for there was no water, the girls even went away and got their pails and began to bring water, and so all day long they continued carrying it, slaking the thirst of those who probably suffered as much as we might do. It was a pretty sight, and at night we were told, as the cattle men began to move away with their charge, one little calf that seemed to have no visible hurt, was given to one of these girls, who took it home."

BEAUTIFUL JOE.

We have since our August paper, received orders for over 1000 copies of the cheaper edition of "Beautiful Joe."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, September, 1896.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive *ten copies*. We can not afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.
Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our "American Humane Education Society" sends this paper this month to the editors of about **twenty thousand** newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 1692, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.
In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "personal."
My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to publish this month *one hundred and twenty-one new branches* of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a total of *twenty-five thousand five hundred and ninety-nine*.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

In Florence, a city of Italy there lived a good man whose name was Leonardo Da Vinci. He loved the birds very dearly, and he was happy to see them fly from tree to tree, enjoying themselves to their heart's content.

One day, as he was walking along the streets of Florence, he saw a man with a number of birds for sale, in a cage. He stood still, looked at the birds, and then he thought he heard them talking to him, saying—

Oh, dear sir, if you set us free,
We will thank you heartily.

As soon as he felt that the little birds were trying to make him understand their whisperings, he turned to the man, saying, "What do you wish for these birds?"

"All?" said the astonished vendor.

"Yes, I should like to buy them all."

"Well, let me count; there are quite a number." So the man counted each one and then said, "I'll sell them all for ten lire."

"Very well," said Da Vinci; "here's your money." Then he took the cage in his hand and said—

Yes, little birds I heard you say,
You would like to be free to-day;
I am glad it was in my power
To give you freedom within this hour.
So fly little birds and have your fun,
Back to the woods you'll quickly run.

PROTECTION OF DUMB ANIMALS.

At the August Directors' Meeting of the "American Humane Education Society" and "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," President Angell reported that the whole number of complaints of cruelty dealt with by the Society since its last monthly report was 926, and 117 horses had been taken from work and 244 horses and other animals mercifully killed; 121 new "Bands of Mercy" have been formed during the last month, making a total of 25,599.

During the hot weather of last week the parties who run our ambulance were called upon to remove 164 horses.

We are glad to know from various accounts received that our caution sent through all our daily papers to put wet bandages on horses' heads was largely complied with.

APPEAL TO THE WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS.

Miss Georgiana Kendall of New York City, Vice-President of our "American Humane Education Society," and a most able and efficient worker for our humane cause, has recently sent an "Appeal" to the about 150,000 women, who compose the "Woman's Relief Corps," asking them to take active interest in the promotion of our "Band of Mercy" work.

This powerful organization of women has members, we believe in every State; and one of its principal objects at present is to teach patriotism, and love of country to the children in our public schools.

If it will also join with us in establishing our Bands of Mercy, it may result in wonderful good, not only to our nation but to the world.

THE WORLD OVERPOPULATED.

As a means of showing how far the world is from being overpopulated, economists assert that the entire population of the United States could live comfortably in the single State of Texas.—*Sacred Heart Review*.

RHODE ISLAND.

It is a genuine pleasure to find in the 26th annual report of the Rhode Island Society P. C. A. an account of the grand work done by its "Humane Educational Committee."

We wish societies in the larger states could make *half* as good a showing.

AMOS HUNT AND HIS STEEL TRAP.

This is a very well written and useful tract by Mrs. Fairchild Allen of Aurora, Ill. For sale at 15 cents a dozen by Humane Education Committee, 61 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I.

Amos being accidentally caught in his own steel trap ever afterwards abandoned its use.

HOUSE THEM NIGHTS.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:—

"They didn't speak after that," an article in "Our Dumb Animals" is rare good sense. People who have not dogs would like them more, if the owners would *house their dogs at night*. Dogs that are taken care of never "make night hideous."

E. C. L.

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

EMILY DICKINSON.

TO NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS AND EDITORS.

We should be glad to arrange with every periodical in this country to supply "Our Dumb Animals" for the coming year at 25 cents, to be used by them either as premiums or in their clubbing lists.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

MAKING WAR ON THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Because we believe that *some men* have practised great and useless cruelty on dumb animals by vivisection, it does not follow that we underrate the importance and nobility of the medical profession, and the great respect due to the *many men* who unselfishly devote their lives to the prevention and relief of suffering. No minister of the gospel or any other man stands higher in our estimation, than the *kind-hearted humane physician*.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

VIVISECTION. OUR BELIEF.

Is it your belief, Mr. Angell, that *no experiment* in the interest of medical science should ever be tried on any living animal?

Answer. That is not my belief. But it is my belief that a terrible amount of useless and horribly cruel experimentation on living animals has taken place in the past and that for the benefit of the human race as well as animals it should be stopped in the future.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

VIVISECTION.

From *The Right Reverend John Williams*, Episcopal Bishop of Connecticut.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN., April 25, 1896.

RODNEY DENNIS, Esq.,

President of the Connecticut Humane Society,

DEAR SIR:—I hardly know words strong enough to express my utter abhorrence of any and all forms of vivisection. Its fearful cruelty is made abundantly evident by the statements of various persons who have practiced it; while the absence of any practical and useful results removes the only conceivable apology for it. Had there been useful results, these would not, in my estimation, form a sufficient justification for it.

I am, dear sir, very truly yours,

J. WILLIAMS.

BISHOP McCABE ON VIVISECTION.

A life member of our "American Humane Education Society" sends us a letter received from the Methodist Episcopal Bishop, C. C. McCabe, closing as follows:

"There is hardly anything more important before the Christian Church than a crusade to stop this infernal barbarity which is perpetrated in the name of science, but really in the name of the enemy of all righteousness."

Yours fraternally,

C. C. McCABE.

From the *Boston Globe*:

"I would not enter on my list of friends, Though graced with polished manners and fine sense, Yet wanting sensibility, the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

COWPER.

We have been reading OUR DUMB ANIMALS, from which we take the above sentiment, and confess we find Mr. Angell's paper a very entertaining publication.

August edition contains a somewhat scathing article concerning college chaps. It is headed:

"PLEASED WITH A RATTLE AND TICKLED WITH A STRAW."

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise;
The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares."

AN IRISH JUDGE.

An Irish judge is quoted as asking a criminal brought before him whether he was married, and when he answered no, as adding, well it's a *mighty good thing* for your wife then.

As we sat trying to breathe on one of the hottest nights of our recent almost unparalleled hot spell, it occurred to us that it was a *mighty good thing* for the horse-car horses that horse-cars have been abolished.

Can any of our young readers explain how our robins and other small birds can fly a thousand miles south to spend the winter and find their way back to the same tree and nest in the spring?



BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY AND TOWER OF NEW OLD SOUTH CHURCH.

Used by kind permission of Moses King.

THE BREADTH OF OUR EDUCATIONAL WORK.

We think that few people outside our offices have any just conception of the breadth of the educational work of our "American Humane Education Society." Among this morning's letters [August 6] we have calls for humane literature from places as far distant as Madagascar and Ceylon.

The time is coming when our "Band of Mercy" songs will be sung around the world.

INDIA.

We have an earnest call from India for humane literature and aid to form "Bands of Mercy" all over that vast country.

We are sorry to be compelled to reply that while we gladly send what we can afford, our "American Humane Education Society" with all America on its hands and very limited resources, cannot do what we wish it could for India.

We do wish that we had about a hundred millions of dollars and the power to use it during the next five or ten years

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A BLESSING TO ALL THREE.

During the hot weather we have been riding home from our office nearly every day in a herdic.

We have required a herdic drawn by a horse in good condition and with a long tail.

We tell the driver that if he drives slowly and is kind to his horse he will receive ten cents extra.

With the ten cents we give him a copy of "Our Dumb Animals," and tell him whenever his horse is likely to suffer from heat to stop, wet his pocket handkerchief thoroughly with cold water, fold it in the form of a triangle and tuck the ends under the head stall so as to cover the top of the head.

These practices bring a blessing to the horse, a blessing to the driver, and a blessing to us.

Let all who read this do the same, and see what a wonderful amount of kind feeling will be produced and good accomplished.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

As a specimen of many kind expressions we receive in our numerous letters, we give the following, which happens to come to our desk at this moment, accompanied by a liberal donation:

"I am happy to help a man who so fearlessly meets much that is unjust and unmerited. I cannot express in words my gratitude. Go on with the good work Mr. Angell. Sometime, somewhere there will be appreciation and recognition of your tenderness for dumb animals."

"Mr. Angell writes with the fearless pen of forty though the temple in which he dwells is approaching twice that age. The whole world is either with or against him in his God-given task of protecting dumb animals."—*Fibre and Fabric.*

"One cannot but wonder after seeing such inhumanity [docking, etc.] that Mr. Angell attacks in his little but all powerful paper these persons."—*Boston Times.*

No home should consider its library complete without the monthly visits of "Our Dumb Animals," published at Boston. It teaches kindness and mercy to all by pure literature and engravings.—*Saginaw Evening Leader.*

TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

MR. ANGELL:

Some twenty-five years ago an epidemic visited a certain district in our western states. The governor appointed a day of fasting and prayer, that the dread visitant might depart. A clergyman [a bishop I think it was] startled the community [for he was then in advance of his time] by suggesting that while the people prayed they should work also. He urged that immediate investigation should be made in order to discover, and so remove, the cause of the disease then prevailing; not only as the best remedy for the actual emergency, but as a preventive against its recurrence.

The air we breathe, the food we take, the mental, nervous strain which saps the life—these are the avenues by which disease approaches. Who better than these giving highest instruction in our medical colleges can teach the best ways of avoiding disease?

For this we do not need vivisection.

When such men as Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, our most eminent Boston surgeon, and Lawson Tait after the long experience on which he built his world-wide reputation, and other eminent medical men, denounce it, should not those rich men who are giving to some of our colleges to promote it, consider whether they are not doing vastly more harm than good?

The enclosed check will help your work.
Faithfully ever,

HEREDITY AND VIVISECTION.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I am now reading a book on "Heredity," which is more impressive in its momentous statements than any I have read before, and makes me tremble for the generation coming after the present one we are now educating. What unnatural, strange, morbid propensities will be developed from the hardening of the sympathetic nature of the men and women students now interested in laboratorial work. Will not a stain of cruelty (or other vice) inevitably be the birthmark of many in the coming generation and perhaps in other generations which will follow them? God prosper you. I believe the promotion of kindness and humanity is the most important work in the world to-day.

A LIFE MEMBER OF YOUR
HUMANE SOCIETY.

"You want to keep your eye on the woman's bonnet," says an item in a fashionable paper. No, we don't want to, but under certain conditions, dear editor, we have to.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

HUMAN LIFE AT A DISCOUNT.

Some criminal statistics which have just been published will doubtless interest a great many people. They give the number of murders and suicides which were perpetrated in this country in the year 1895, and they show a considerable increase in both classes of crime, as compared with the figures of the previous year. In 1890 there were 4290 murders, and last year the figures had risen to 10,500. Such a marked and rapid increase should call for inquiry into the cause, and as to the means which might be used to put an end to these wanton and violent deeds. The increase of suicides has also kept pace with that of murders. In 1890 the number of suicides was 2040, and last year it had risen to 5750. The reckless and unconcerned way in which human life is either taken or thrown away argues that the estimate of its value is gradually becoming lower.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

PREVENTION OF DISEASE.

The following with a liberal donation for our work comes to our table:

DEAR MR. A.:—

Who so much as the medical student needs to learn the sanctity of suffering and weakness—the sacredness of all life—not only the life of the rich man, but that of the friendless charity patient as well. Any instruction that deadens sensibility seems to me for a medical man, dangerous.

In the study of "Prevention of Disease" the mind seems to me to enter the higher realm of Philosophy, and gains a sincere love of truth.

But in vivisection it seems to me the student through terrorizing and perhaps torturing, enters a very risky experience for his better self.

It seems to me that any unprejudiced mind can hardly fail to apprehend the dangers lurking in such experimental researches.

Trusting that the check enclosed may render you assistance, I am,

With grateful respect,

SEVERAL PHYSICIANS.
VIVISECTION.

Several physicians have called at our offices to say that they think there has been altogether too much vivisection—but we are not at liberty to use their names.

We had the same difficulty many years ago when during ten days in the *Boston Herald* [and in fact in all Boston dailies] we exposed the enormous sale of poisonous and adulterated foods and other articles in our markets.

Various eastern chemists gave us valuable information but would not permit the use of their names and we had to travel all the way to Chicago to get scientific authorities to vouch for our statements.

Some account of that war against adulteration will be found in our autobiographical sketches and a much longer one in a congressional report we obtained on the subject February, 1881.

HOME LOVING

The wombat is a little animal resembling in appearance a small bear, with short legs, a broad, flat back and very short tail. It eats grass and other vegetable matters and is a harmless little creature, shy and gentle in its habits, though it can bite if very much provoked.

There is a story of a farmer who had a wombat for a pet. He took it a long way into the forest in order to get rid of it, but twice the little animal returned, having found its way without help to its adopted home.

The third time the farmer conveyed it across a deep and broad river, and, as the wombat cannot swim, he felt sure he was rid of the persistent pet. But, no; the little creature soon found a huge fallen tree which lay across the stream, and, crawling to the extreme end sat wistfully gazing at the departed farmer. So touched was the man that he paddled back again, took his fat little passenger on board and carried it home, much to the delight of the children.

OUR METHOD OF KILLING CATS.

On July 10th appeared in the *Boston Evening Transcript* an anonymous attack upon our M. S. P. C. A.'s method of killing cats. It was signed "M. D."

To this we replied as follows:

To the Editor of the Transcript:—

Please kindly permit me to say, in answer to article on above subject that appeared in your columns last Friday signed "M. D."

(1) That I am sorry that "M. D." did not sign his name.

(2) That the society has for many years practised the killing of the smaller animals by cyanide of potassium, because the head of the Harvard Veterinary School declared that to be the most humane method of killing them, saying that if a man contemplating suicide should take a dose at a druggist's counter, he would drop dead before he could possibly reach the door.

(3) If "M. D." will give us his name and address we shall be glad to pay him a dollar apiece to kill a few animals, and show us how it can be done more humanely.

(4) We trust that "M. D." is actuated only by motives of humanity and has no connection with any M. D. who opposed us at the State House in our earnest request to be permitted to know what is being done in Massachusetts in the way of vivisection.

GEORGE T. ANGELL.

On July 25th appeared in the same paper two other anonymous communications following up "M. D.'s" attack.

To those we replied on July 28th as follows:

To the Editor of the Transcript:—

To two communications in yours of Saturday in regard to the above subject, kindly permit me to say that I am still inclined to think, with the head of the Harvard Veterinary School, that the pure cyanide of potassium, which kills in from fifteen to thirty seconds (one-quarter to one-half a minute) is about as merciful a death as can be given, and we have received in hundreds, perhaps thousands, of cases the thanks of persons whose cats have been thus killed, it being the same method used by the agents of the city of Boston; but in any cases where parties have preferred it, I am not aware that our agents have ever declined to use chloroform, and I have given special orders that they shall never do so.

I do not know, of course, whom your correspondents may be, but if they had ever given largely or were much interested in the welfare and prosperity of our society, I think they would make their complaints at our offices, and not through your columns. We believe that our agents, officers and directors mean to be humane to animals. Some of us have given a large portion of our lives and thousands of dollars to that object.

GEORGE T. ANGELL.

In the same paper appeared a letter in our defense by a correspondent who did sign her name, as follows:

To the Editor of the Transcript:—

There is always something to be said on both sides of every question. According to Froebel, "Experience is knowledge," so it's my privilege to speak "whereof I do know," and I take most decided exceptions to the letters in the *Transcript* criticising the method of disposing of pets, reflecting discredit on the Humane Society. Even mercifully disposing of animals is an unpleasant duty, and when our pets have outlived their usefulness and life becomes a burden, it strikes me as being a very happy circumstance that there is a way provided for killing them; and don't forget, no charges (not even car fares) are ever made for doing this disagreeable work.

A few weeks ago in my own family it became absolutely necessary to dispose of two beautiful cats. It was a dreadful crisis to me, for they had been long loved and were remarkably developed and intelligent. Mr. Angell's agent came and was most respectful and kind. A disinterested party, a gentleman whose veracity and honor can easily be vouched for, witnessed the entire proceeding. He pronounced it perfectly satisfactory and said the transition was but a gasp, a flash, and it was all over. *Now I have also had experience in the use of chloroform. It is a slow process. To begin with, an animal has got to be confined. Air must be excluded, which is practically smothering in some instances. This confining is a horrible mental shock to the sensitive nature of a pet cat. I advocate cyanide of potassium as far preferable and am very thankful the present method is in vogue of sending our beloved animals into the astral. The insinuation in these letters that this substitute is based on economy and serves as a protection to the "annihilating agent" looks to me like a decided fling at the society, and it's nothing new, as Mr. Angell has received*

stabs from every direction ever since he inaugurated his noble work.

ANNA M. DAVIS.

Roxbury, July 27.

When we drove the cruel sport of shooting pigeons from traps out of Massachusetts, the pigeon shooters threatened to ruin our society, but the society only grew stronger—and while we may be mistaken we are inclined to believe that every effort that may be made to injure us in public estimation will only cause our friends to rally more earnestly to our support.

In regard to the "stabs" above referred to whoever undertakes to faithfully protect dumb animals from cruelty must not expect to be "carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease," but it is with pleasure that we assure our friends that for every anonymous communication written [very likely] by some one who has never given a sixpence in his life to protect animals from cruelty, we receive more than a hundred "God bless you's."

GEORGE T. ANGELL.

TO KILL ANIMALS HUMANELY.

To the Editor of Our Dumb Animals:—

SIR,—I think mistaken notions have arisen as to the painlessness of death by asphyxia. We have been trying it at our "Dog's Home" here. Due preparations having been made, three dogs were shut up, and we waited outside, listening. We first heard a very troubled kind of breathing, then the dogs began to whine so piteously that feelings of compassion compelled us to let the suffering creatures out; and the joy of the released captives bore evidence to what they had undergone. The keeper of our Dog's Home is a first-rate shot. Death by the gun we thus find to be instantaneous; the stricken animal then falls without a struggle, without uttering a groan.

I am, sir, yours truly,

MARY E. WEMYSS.

Gloucester, England, April 21.

[To dogs our Society administers pure cyanide of potassium and its effect is sure, and quickly over in from fifteen to thirty seconds. Where, however, a gun in the hands of a skillful shot can be used, and the place will admit the use of a gun, that is preferred; but the conditions do not exist in so many cases as to make this mode general. For slaughtering cattle and the killing of horses, our experience is all in favor of the gun.]

EDITOR O. D. A.

ANIMALS AND THE HUMAN VOICE.

The human voice may or may not be terrifying to wild animals. Two Adirondack boys once hid behind a little bush on the banks of the West Canada creek and yelled, screamed and howled at a big blue heron across the stream, with no other result than to make the bird stare about in curiosity. It was only when both boys leaped to their feet, wildly waving their arms and did some high kicking that the bird flew away.

Woodchucks, red squirrels, muskrats, mink and various other of the small animals seem to fear the human form, but not the voice. Foxes flee at a lively gallop when a man yells, but deer have been known to almost run over men that were talking in loud voices. Logging teamsters in the woods yell and swear at their horses in voices audible a mile away, but deer lie in their beds comfortably less than half a mile distant. Bears do not usually monkey around in the vicinity of men, except during berry time, when they are sometimes on one side of the bushes while human berry pickers are on the other.

The human voice is very soothing to wild birds of various kinds, such as robins. They will often come very close to a person who talks to them and turn their heads from side to side, much as caged birds—canaries for example—do, but if a person is robbing a bird's nest the voice adds greatly to the terror of the birds. It is related of a swallow that it had in some manner broken its leg which was observed by a woman as the bird flew about. She went out, called to it, and spoke to it, and after a while the bird came so near as to be taken in the woman's hands, who then put the leg in splints, setting it properly and putting on a soothing ointment. The bird flew away and was soon chirping with the rest of the birds in the air, its leg having been relieved of pain evidently by the bandages.—*New York Sun*.

Narrow minded people who have not a thought beyond the little sphere of their own vision recall the Hindoo saying, "The snail sees nothing but its own shell and thinks it the grandest in the universe."

When you return to town don't forget your cat.

The question is asked us, "What is the circulation of *Our Dumb Animals*?"

Answer—Regularly between 50,000 and 60,000 and sometimes it has been from 100,000 to 200,000.

Our Dumb Animals GOES EACH MONTH In the State to

All members of our two Humane Societies. About 7000 Boston business firms and men. All Massachusetts clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic. All Massachusetts lawyers, physicians, bank presidents and cashiers, postmasters, school superintendents, large numbers of writers, speakers and teachers through the State. About 500 of the Society's agents in almost every Massachusetts city and town.

"Bands of Mercy" through the State. Many subscribers and others through the State. The Boston police. The Massachusetts Legislature. Hundreds of coachmen, drivers and teamsters. The editors of all Massachusetts newspapers and other publications. Many newspaper reporters.

Outside the State.

All our Humane Societies throughout the entire world. Large numbers of subscribers in our own and foreign countries. Thousands of our *Bands of Mercy* in our own and other countries. Members of our National Congress. Presidents of all American Colleges and Universities north of Mexico. Writers, speakers, teachers, and many others in various States and Territories. The editors of about twenty thousand American publications, including all in our own country and British America.

Of these about twenty thousand we have good reasons for believing that not less than nineteen thousand, and perhaps more, are read either by editors or by their wives and children.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents. Boston Courier.

Our last edition of "The Strike at Shane's" was 50,000.—Our last edition of "Hollyhurst" 20,000.

PRIZE ESSAYS.

Send for prize essays published by *Our American Humane Education Society* on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

"LIGHT TO BENEFIT MANKIND."

For this valuable paper written by a New York Vice-president of our "American Humane Education Society"—gratuitously circulated by "American Humane Education Society"—write

GEO. T. ANGELL, President,
19 Milk Street, Boston.

PRIZES \$675.

In behalf of "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the *Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard, or Country Clubs*, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4) \$50 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

WHAT A MUTILATED CRUELLY DOCKED HORSE TELLS TO EVERY HUMANE PERSON.

(1.) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.

(2.) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

IS IT CRUEL.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman, in the same condition.

If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A LARGE FORTUNE FOR SOME DOCTOR.

A large fortune awaits the doctor who shall discover and patent some invention which, properly covering the ears, will shut out noises from those wanting sleep.

TO LOOSEN A DOG'S HOLD.

A certain means of stopping a dog-fight, or loosening a dog's hold upon anything, is showering something over the animal's nose that will produce sneezing. Be his will power ever so strong, the motion of sneezing involuntarily opens a dog's jaws.

GENERAL DEBILITY.

A Western paper said a local citizen had died "after a long period of general debility." It meant general debility.

The above reminds us at the time of drafting from the town of Dedham in our Civil War, a young man was exempted for "general debility."

Next day the young lady to whom he was engaged wrote him that he needn't call again as she did not care to marry "General Debility."

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

(1.) Placards for protection of birds.

(2.) Placards for protection of horses from docking and tight check-reins.

OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also *Mr. Angell's Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at Publishers' price, 60 cents at office, or 72 cents mailed. Cheaper edition 25 cents; mailed 30. Both editions cloth-bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

ONE THING.

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



A well known Boston artist who has recently seen some hot weather fast driving, hands us the above.

It is said that a drop or two of essence of pennyroyal on a dog's coat will drive away fleas.

THE FIERCEST BEAST OF PREY.

The white dawn o'er the sleeping forest rose
And woke each beast and bird to feed or play,
To pass in nature's temple of repose
Their happy, harmless day.

When, crashing onward through the thickets dun,
And strong with dreadful arts to maim and slay,
Came man the hunter, with his dogs and gun,
His devastating way.

Fear went before him with her visage wan,
And each beast owned his dread and ruthless sway,
All nature's children fled the face of man,
The fiercest beast of prey.

REGINALD GOURLAY in Century.

VIVISECTION IN RHODE ISLAND.

A friend sends us the following from *Hon. Thomas B. Stockwell*, commissioner of Public Education of Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE, July 17, 1896.

Dear Madam:

Your letter of May 20th was duly received but I delayed reply until I could investigate somewhat as to the status of the question in this State.

I am glad to be able to state that I have been unable to learn of a single place where the practice of vivisection prevails. In some of our schools much more attention is given now than formerly to biology, but in no case have I heard of a single case of vivisection. I do not believe it exists in this State unless at the college of which I have no knowledge.

I am most certainly opposed to its use in the public schools.

Very truly yours,
THOMAS B. STOCKWELL, Commissioner.

ONE BAND OF MERCY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

People in the Jefferson School district, which has its centre near First and Tehama streets, are frequently heard to remark the change that has come over the spirit of the locality. A few years ago a Chinaman was unsafe thereabout. If he wasn't forced into unequal hand-to-hand battle he was pelted with stones and made to think that existence in this country had more penalties than the annual poll tax. Woe to the stray dog or cat which ran into the territory of the young barbarians south of Market street. The cur was terrorized with an appendant of old oyster cans, and his noisy flight furnished amusement for many a block, while the feline became a target for slungshot and brickbat till she either succumbed to the assault or escaped under some friendly house. When pugilism was popular in the West the urchins of Jefferson School had daily set-tos in back lots, and skinned faces, black eyes and broken noses, as well as bruised hands and lame legs, were not rare things.

To-day the Jefferson School is one of the most orderly in all the city. The children don't fight as they used to; they don't stone cats, or tie tin cans to the tails of dogs or molest the sons of the Flowery Kingdom. And why? Because every school child down that way, as soon as he is old enough to write his name, is made a member of an army for the prevention of all the old evils, and no blue-frocked, brass-buttoned guardian of the peace could ever have done a tithe of the good that those children have accomplished. For the last four years the principal of the Jefferson School, Miss M. M. Murphy, has been organizing the pupils of all the various classes into Bands of Mercy, and although at first the idea was combated in the district, it has gradually increased in popularity until now every child seems proud of his enrollment. There are about 350 members in the organization to-day, and each of them takes the Band of Mercy pledge.

Every Friday afternoon, before Jefferson School is dismissed for the week, the different classes gather in the assembly-room, each class being distinguished by a badge of a particular color—red, pink, white, purple, gold or blue. In chorus they repeat that pledge and then recite in unison this stanza from Coleridge:

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small,
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Last Friday afternoon the children were called upon to relate such experiences as had come under their notice to remind them of their duties as members of the band. Before starting out with the experiences, however, they all joined in a song, and the voices blended remarkably well.

Johnny Gould, a lad of ten, said, "I was walking down Harrison street and I saw a boy my size with a brick going for a cat and I told him to stop and he says, 'Shut up, who's doing this?' Then he turns and chases me all his might, but he tumbled over a rock and fell down hill and cut his face up, and the cat got away, and I got away, too."

"By that you may see," said the principal, "that sometimes people are punished in this life for their misdeeds." And Johnny Gould resigned the floor to Georgie Philips, who had this to tell: "Last week one day some boys on our street tied tin cans to a dog's tail, and the dog ran like he was crazy, and I ran after it to take the cans off. A policeman saw the dog and ran, too, and I guess the dog knew we were friends, for he ran right into us. Then the policeman got the cans off; he said 'I'll give \$5 for the names of the boys who tied cans on this dog.' But I guess he never found out."

Dominick Syce was one of the boys who believed in heroic measures, and who wasn't disposed to waste good advice where sterner methods seemed to be required. He had a few ideas of his own about how to prevent cruelty, and a titter ran through the hall as he recited off his story:

"One day a Chinaman with a bag o' rags on his back was going along, and a boy began firing stones at him. The Chinaman began to run, and the boy kept a-chasing of him and firing at him, until I runs up and sticks out my foot and trips the boy head over heels. The boy jumps up wild and yells, 'What's the matter of you? I'm all right,' I says, 'How d'you like it yourself? Now go and throw stones at another Chinaman, will you?'"

"Try to avoid harsh measures, boys, whenever it is possible," advised the principal.

"A long time ago," said little Willie Hammerschmidt, "I found a kitten on the road and it was going to die be-

cause it never had anything to eat, and I took it in my arms and brought it home and mother fed it and made it warm. We liked the kitten so much after a while that we kept it, and now that little kitten is a great big cat and catches all the mice around."

"That's the way the cat is paying you for saving its life," remarked a teacher. Some recitations followed and the school sang to the air of "Home, Sweet Home," this stanza:

Be kind to dumb creatures, nor grudge them your care,
God gave them their life, and your love they must share,
And He who the sparrow's fall tenderly heeds
Will lovingly look on compassionate deeds.

And now the little girls were given an opportunity to speak in the interests of the society.

Ether Mossbacher had been instrumental in bringing punishment on a man who was cruel to his horse. "He was driving up a big hill and the horse couldn't go any further, so the driver got out and beat the horse awfully. I screamed to the man to stop, but he went right on hitting the poor horse, so I ran into a blacksmith shop and told the blacksmith, and he ran out and called a policeman and had the man arrested."

Katie Donovan had seen a half-starved and very weak looking dog on the street with a sign on its back—"For Sale."

"I had just been to the baker's for a loaf of bread," said Katie, "and the baker had given me a doughnut but I had only begun to eat it when I saw the poor dog. I went and gave the dog all the doughnut I had left, and took the sign off his back, and the dog licked my hand. He was weak and lay down by a doorstep, and I thought I would go and ask if I could bring him home. When I got back to where I left the dog he was gone, and I never could find him."

"But you had reason to be satisfied and pleased with the kindness you showed and with your efforts to do still more for the beast that had, no doubt, been greatly abused by some heartless person," observed the principal.

There were recitations and more experiences, and Arthur Anderson, a prodigy of 6 years, read a few paragraphs from a daily paper and was loudly applauded. A little colored boy asked the principal if the band couldn't sing the "Mocking Bird." The request was granted, and it is as good as listening to the average concert rendition to hear Jefferson School singing the "Mocking Bird." The chorus is really delightful, the girls singing on one side, while the boys on the other side whistle the air and trill. "Little Boy Blue" is another favorite song, and that was also given in appreciable style. Then the 350 children marched down the assembly hall in perfect order, according to the piano signals for the fire drill.

Miss Murphy said the children brought into her office kittens or dogs which had been saved from cruel treatment.

The Jefferson School Band of Mercy register is a wonderful collection of curious hieroglyphics, for six year-old children have affixed their autographs here and there, and some interesting studies in the chirography of the young is the result, although some of them sign their names about as plainly as Shakespeare or Horace Greeley used to do. There is plenty of evidence to the fact that these children are doing good. Strong men will hearken to the voices of tender little girls when they would not heed the words of elder people, and there is an example where a man who was beating his horse was called to by a child, "Please don't whip him, sir."

"What is it to you?" laughed the rough fellow

"I belong to the Band of Mercy, sir," was the response.

"Please don't whip the horse any more."

"Well, child," said the man, lowering his whip, "since you asked me to stop, I'll be gol-darned if I don't stop. For your sake, child, I'll not beat him any more."

When children are taught the creed of kindness at the start, the odds are strongly in favor of their making better men and women.—San Francisco Call.

An untamed swallow which had its nest in a farm near Chetwynd, in Shropshire, was caught and taken in a cage to London, where it was released. It returned to its nest in eighty minutes, having accomplished a distance of 145 miles at the rate of nearly two miles a minute.—Boston Evening Transcript.

VOTING.

Native born Americans have to wait twenty-one years before they can vote. Why not foreign born immigrants?

"SAVED."

The French Steamer *Bourgogne* from Havre to New York recently rescued from the sinking German Barque *Ernst*, in mid-ocean, the captain and eleven sailors. We take the following from the account in New York papers:

"The only living thing left on the bark was a big Newfoundland dog, the property of the skipper, and a great pet of the crew. The poor brute appeared to realize his fate, and he howled dismally as the two boats rowed away, leaving him. It cost Captain Ahrens many a pang to leave his favorite, but the crew of the lifeboat declared that the dog would certainly swamp the boat if he was taken on, and that he must be left on the bark. The men realized their danger and could only acquiesce in the decision of La Bourgogne's sailors. The last seen of the Newfoundland he was standing in the bow with his forepaws on the rail and emitting at intervals prolonged howls, as he gazed with his great eyes at his former companions, who were then deserting him."

In the *New York Sun* of August 5 we are glad to read the following:

"The German oil tank steamship *Manheim*, Capt. Ockelmann, which arrived this morning saw on July 21 a bark with signals of distress and which appeared in danger of sinking.

Capt. Ockelmann approached the vessel and sailed around her several times, blowing the steam whistle.

A large black dog was noticed rushing frantically about the deck and barking in great excitement. Although there was a dangerous sea running, Capt. Ockelmann decided that it would be well to board the bark. He could make out her name to be the *Ernst* and that she was a German craft. Accordingly a boat was lowered, not without difficulty, and rowed close to the bark. Taking advantage of a favoring lurch of the vessel, the mate of the *Manheim* managed to scramble to her deck and ran into the cabin to ascertain if there were any left on board. It was evident that the vessel had been abandoned but lately, and there was on every hand evidences of hasty departure. There was no sign of life visible except the big black dog, who kept up a joyful barking and jumped around the mate in the most eager manner.

As the vessel was evidently doomed, there being nearly ten feet of water in the hold, the mate decided to set fire to her so that she might not become a menace to navigation, as she lay directly in the path of the transatlantic liners. A huge fire was built in the after cabin, and, picking up the ship's papers and calling to the black dog, the mate made his way over the side and into the lifeboat, accompanied by the dog. The last seen of the *Ernst* was a mass of flames pouring out of the companion hatches of the after cabin.

On arrival at Quarantine this morning Capt. Ockelmann was interested to learn that the crew of the bark had been rescued by the French line steamship *La Bourgogne* earlier in the day on which he boarded her. The dog, a very intelligent Newfoundland, is running around the *Manheim's* decks and will doubtless be glad to again meet his master.

YOU CAN NEVER TELL.

You never can tell when you send a word—

Like an arrow shot from a bow

By an archer blind—be it cruel or kind,

Just where it will chance to go.

It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend,

Tipped with its poison or balm;

To a stranger's heart in life's great mart

It may carry its pain or its calm.

You never can tell when you do an act,

Just what the result will be;

But with every deed you are sowing a seed,

Though its harvest you may not see.

Each kindly act is an acorn dropped

In God's productive soil;

Though you may not know, yet the tree shall grow

And shelter the brows that toil.

You never can tell what your thoughts will do

In bringing you hate or love;

For thoughts are things, and their airy wings

Are swifter than carrier doves.

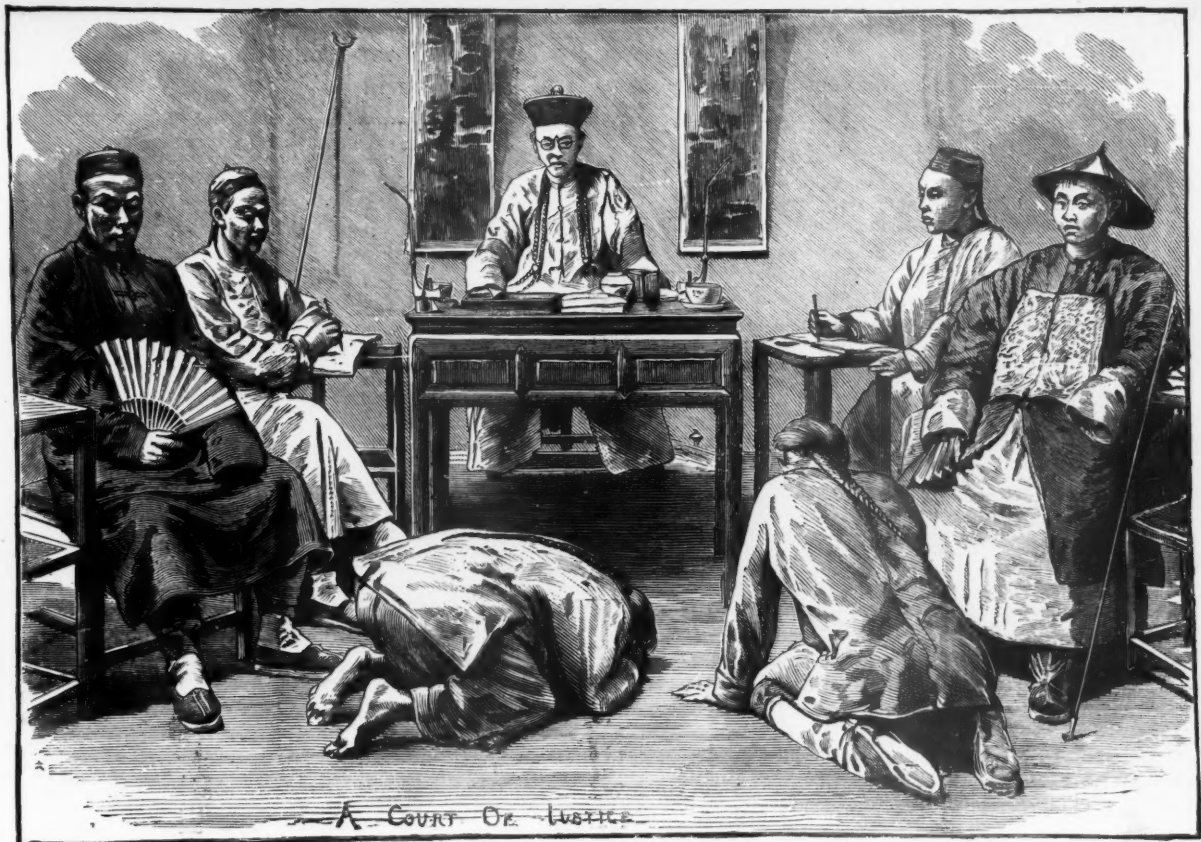
They follow the law of the universe—

Each thing must create its kind;

And they speed o'er the track to bring you back

Whatever went out from your mind.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



A CHINESE COURT OF JUSTICE.

For the above Chinese Court of Justice we are indebted to *The Juvenile Instructor*, Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE LONGEST BRIDGE.

The longest bridge in the world is the Lion bridge, near Saugong, China. It extends $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles over an arm of the Yellow sea, and it is supported by 300 huge stone arches. The roadway is 70 feet above the water and is enclosed in an iron net-work.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

"China abounds in great walls," remarks a Pekin correspondent in a recent letter; "walled country, walled cities, walled villages, walled palaces and temples—wall after wall and wall within wall. But the greatest of all is the great wall of China, built 213 years before our era, of great slabs of well-hewn stone laid in regular courses some twenty feet high, and then topped out with large, hard-burned brick, the ramparts high and thick and castellated for use of arms. It was built to keep the warlike Tartars out—25 feet high by 40 feet thick, 1200 miles long, with room on top for six horses to be ridden abreast. For 1400 years it kept those hordes at bay, in the main, and is just as good and firm and strong as when put in place. How one feels while standing on this vast work, scrutinizing its old masonry, its queer old cannon, and ambitious sweep along the mountain crest. In speechless awe we strolled or sat and gazed in silent wonder. Twelve hundred miles of this gigantic work, built on the rugged, craggy mountain tops, vaulting over gorges, spanning wild streams, netting the river arch-ways with huge, hard bars of copper; with double gates, and swinging doors and bars set thick with iron armor—a wonder in the world, before which the old-time classic seven wonders, all gone now, save the great pyramid—were toys. An engineer in Seward's party here, some years ago, gave it as his opinion that the cost of this wall, figuring labor at the same rate, would more than equal that of all the 100,000 miles of railroad in the United States. The material it contains would build a wall six feet high and two feet thick straight around the globe. Yet this was done in only twenty years, without a trace of debt or bond. It is the greatest individual labor

the world has ever known. You stand before it as before the great Omnipotent—bowed and silent."

A Chinese encyclopædia of 5,020 volumes has been added to the library of the British Museum.

CHINESE TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.

They never punish; hence a mule that in the hands of a foreigner would be useless or dangerous to those about it, becomes in the possession of a Chinaman as a lamb. We never beheld a runaway, a jibing or a vicious mule or pony in a Chinaman's employment, but found the same rattling, cheerful pace maintained over heavy or light roads, by means of a tur-r or cluck-k, the beast turning to the right or left, and stopping with but a hint from the reins. This treatment is extended to all the animals they press into the service. Often have I admired the tact exhibited in getting a large drove of sheep through narrow, crowded streets and alleys, by merely having a little boy to lead one of the quietest of the flock in front; the others steadily followed. Cattle, pigs and birds are equally well cared for.

FUNNY ADVERTISEMENTS.

"Wanted, a room for two gentlemen about 30 feet long and 20 feet broad."

"For sale—a piano, the property of a musician with carved legs."

Mr. Brown, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skins."

"Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children."

"Wanted—an organist and a boy to blow the same."

"Widow in comfortable circumstances wishes to marry two sons."

THE TRAVELLING MONKEY.

BY MARION DOUGLASS.

My master grinds an organ
And I pick up his money;
And when you see me doing it
You call it very funny.

But, though I dance and caper, still
I feel at heart forlorn.
I wish I were in monkey-land,—
The place where I was born!

There grow the great green cocoanuts
Around the palm-tree's crown;
I used to climb and pick them off.
And hear them—crack!—come down.

There all day long the purple figs
Are dropping from the bough;
There hang the ripe bananas, oh,
I wish I had some now!

I'd feast, and feast, and feast, and feast,
And you should have a share.
How pleasant 'tis in monkey-land!
Oh, would that I were there!

On some tall tree top's highest bough;
So high the clouds would sail
Just over me, I wish that I
Were swinging by my tail!

I'd swing, and swing, and swing, and swing.
How merry that would be!
But oh! a travelling monkey's life
Is very hard for me.

—The Sacred Heart Review.

The time must come when all scientific men will admit that there must be something beyond this present life of ours. The theory of evolution is now being accepted by all leaders of science, and the only interpretation of life as we see it is that there must be another life beyond for which we are being prepared. REV. HENRY BLANCHARD.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word or do a kind act that willmake some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

25542 Victor, N. Y. Victor Band. P., Ella C. Blazey.	25553 Stahlstown, Pa. Stahlstown Band. P., E. E. Crouse.	25563 No. 2 Band. P., Miss Minger.	25575 Clintondale, Pa. Golden Rule Band. P., Evelyn C. Huston.	25585 No. 2 Band. P., Mrs. Hendricks.
25543 Irrington, Ind. Christian Sunday School. Golden Rule Band. P., W. D. Howe.	25554 Cambridgeport, Mass. Benjamin Franklin Band. P., N. F. Hickey.	25564 Friends Sunday School. No. 1 Band. P., C. J. Pickens.	25576 Chattanooga, Tenn. Steele Home Band. P., Nellie A. Patchen.	25586 No. 3 Band. P., Miss Eavil.
25544 Little Helpers Band. P., Mrs. Knapp.	25555 E. Otisfield, Me. Otisfield Band. P., Mrs. Helen M. Martin.	25565 No. 2 Band. P., Mrs. Hudleson.	25577 Waterford Mills, Ind. Busy Bee Band. P., Mrs. Anna Niccom.	25587 Baptist Sunday School. No. 1 Band. P., John Higinan, Jr.
25545 Methodist Sunday School. Helping Hand Band. P., E. T. Branham.	25556 Mansquan, N. J. Senior L. T. L. Band. P., Howard Wood.	25566 No. 3 Band. P., Mrs. Francis.	25578 Blue Ridge Springs, Va. Blue Ridge Springs Band. P., Mr. P. Pollard Seay.	25588 No. 2 Band. P., Miss Bisbee.
25546 Sunshine Band. P., Mrs. Brown.	25557 W. Salisbury, Vt. George Washington Band. P., Lucy H. Hitchcock.	25567 St. John's Lutheran S. S. No. 1 Band. P., George Gotch.	25579 Pennsboro, W. Va. Pennsboro Band. P., Stealey W. Collins.	25589 Kindergarten S. School. Sunshine Band. P., Edna B. Foster.
25547 Union Mission Sunday School. George T. Angell Band. P., E. H. Williams.	25558 Morris, Ill. Epworth Band. P., Mrs. George Buck.	25568 Christian Sunday School. No. 1 Band. P., Albert Martin.	25580 Gardiner, Oregon. We'll Try Band. P., Ida Rose Leech.	25590 Newcastle, Ind. United Brethren S. S. Golden Rule Band.
25548 Sunbeam Band. P., Mrs. Lancaster.	25559 South Kaukauna, Wis. Bauchop Band. P., Mrs. M. S. Hurlers.	25569 St. Paul's Baptist S. S. No. 1 Band. P., John T. Dunn.	25581 Satsop, Wash. L. T. L. Band. P., Addie Mounseer.	25591 Presbyterian S. S. No. 1 Band. P., Harry Martin.
25549 Raysville, Ind. Union Sunday School. Golden Rule Band. P., Harry Manning.	25560 Tennessee City, Tenn. Ruskin Band. P., Ethel M. Calkins.	25571 No. 2 Band. P., Miss Finley.	25582 Brownsville, Tenn. Kingston Band. P., Catherine Tyler.	25592 No. 2 Band. P., Miss Page.
25550 Hope Band. P., Mrs. Shaw.	25561 Blue Ridge Springs, Va. Fred Douglas Band. P., Mr. A. C. Flood.	25572 St. Anthony's Catholic S. S. No. 1 Band. P., Rev. F. B. Dowd.	25583 Benkelman, Neb. Benkelman Band. P., Mrs. Josiah Butler.	25593 Second Methodist S. S. No. 1 Band. P., S. H. Holcomb.
25551 Kaukauna, Wis. Kaukauna Band. P., Mrs. M. Hooton.	25562 Haughville, Ind. St. Paul's Reformed S. S. No. 1 Band. P., R. F. Kalbfleisch.	25573 Bedford City, Va. St. Philips Band. P., Miss Ella Rollins.	25584 Benton Harbor, Mich. Methodist S. S. No. 1 Band. P., James Bailey.	25594 No. 2 Band. P., Miss Mayo.
25552 Hayes Center, Neb. Hayes Center Band. P., C. P. Orr.		25574 East Jordan, Mich. Junior Epworth League Band. P., Master Ray Highland.		25595 Perinton, N. Y. Pansy Band. P., Ella C. Blazey.
				25596 Whitesville, N. Y. Whittier Band. P., Franc Maquis.

DON'T FORGET.

In hiring a herdie, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked-tails.

FOR HERDIC DRIVERS.

When we take a herdie we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being so kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

BANGED TAILS.

A friend asks if it is not cruel to bang the tails of horses. [Namely, cut off the hair from the end of the tail.] We answer certainly. The horse wants in summer for his protection, all the tail the Almighty has given him, but of course banging is not so infernal as cutting through flesh and bone and so mutilating for life.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FRESH GRASS FOR CITY HORSES.

We are pleased to learn from a Paris correspondent, that men go about the streets of Paris in summer, with carts filled with fresh grass, which they sell to horse owners for the benefit of horses.

Why may not the same plan be adopted by farmers or others in the vicinity of our large cities?

OUR CARDS FOR THE PROTECTION
OF BIRDS.

Our cards for the protection of birds have been sent to every city and town in our State. If in any city or town they have not been received please promptly notify us.

PRIZES FOR COLLEGE AND UNI-
VERSITY STUDENTS.

There is wanted in American Colleges and Universities to-day a new order of chivalry, which may properly be called "The College and University Legion of Honor."

The mottoes inscribed on its badges "For God and the Right."

Its pledge similar to that of the knights of old, namely, "I promise that I will endeavor in all places and at all times to protect the defenceless and maintain the right."

Its condition of membership simply an honest endeavor to carry out the above pledge.

Its object, to send out from all our colleges and universities men who shall seek to make the world happier and better for their having lived in it.

I shall in October offer in behalf of "The American Humane Education Society" to the student in each of two American colleges or universities numbering over 400 students who shall first found in his college or university such an organization with fifty or more members, a prize of fifty dollars, and to the ten students who shall first found in any other ten American colleges or universities such an organization, prizes of ten dollars each.

The certificates of the presidents of such colleges and universities that such an organization has been founded in good faith and is likely to be permanent will be the evidence required to obtain the prizes.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of The American Humane Education Society,
The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of
Cruelty to Animals, and Parent American Band of
Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

PIERRE AND JEANNE.

A STORY OF A DEVOTED FRIENDSHIP BE-
TWEEN A CAT AND A BIRD.

Some time ago, in a quiet little corner down on Rue Royale, Paris, I chanced upon a queer little creature, whom the neighbors called "Mam'selle." If there was ever any name attached, it must have been in prehistoric times, for now there is not even a sign upon the door of the little bakeshop where Mam'selle sells bread and cakes to the neighborhood. Very good bread and cakes they are, too, as I can testify, for recently I have found Mam'selle's cozy shop a very comfortable resting place for a morning tramp in quest of news. In this way I have come to be pretty well acquainted with Mam'selle and Pierre, the cat, and Jeanne, the bird.

Pierre is a handsome black and white fellow, with a noble head, and he and the little canary, Jeanne were about the same age. Mam'selle told me, in her pretty patois, how devoted the two pets were to each other, and I myself saw frequent evidences of their kindly relationship. In a quiet corner of the little shop I had seen Pierre and Jeanne taking their breakfast together, from the same plate, and by and by, when the cat would lie dozing in the sunshine, the bird would hop about him, or cuddle up, snug and comfortable, between his outstretched paws. When Mam'selle was busy so that she could not keep an eye on the little bird's safety she

would swing the cage in the doorway, while Pierre would stretch himself on the floor beneath, keeping guard over his friend. And woe betide the strange cat that wandered that way. Pierre was always on the alert for squalls, and if the cat came too near to suit him he would send Jeanne hustling into her cage while he chased the offending feline off the street.

Just this very thing happened yesterday, for the thousandth time, probably. Pierre and Jeanne were taking their usual morning game in the sunshine of the little shop door, when a brindled stranger appeared without. Straight as a die Jeanne was in her cage and Pierre went in hot pursuit of the brindie.

SCAVENGER SEAGULLS.

THEY KEEP PESTILENCE AWAY FROM SEA-
BOARD CITIES.

The seagull is the scavenger of the ocean. It scours the surface of the sea near the shore, and frequents harbors to seize on floating garbage, dead fish, or other putrefying morsels.

The services of these birds have saved many a seaport town and village, round which they hover, from plague and pestilence.

Yet every year they are massacred by thousands for idle sport, or for the sake of their wings to be used in millinery. Their eggs are plundered wholesale for museums, and to fill the shop windows of naturalists.

The carrion crow, the raven, and others which follow their example, more or less, confer an immense boon on mankind. Sparrows clear the gutters and places which they inhabit from a vast quantity of scattered fragments. Though too small to be seen, these unsavory morsels would soon become dangerous to human life and health.

AN IRISH GENTLEMAN.

The seats were all full and one was occupied by a rough-looking Irishman. At one of the stations a couple of well-bred and intelligent looking young ladies came in to procure seats, but seeing no vacant ones were about to go into another car when Patrick rose hastily and offered them his seat with evident pleasure. "But you will have no seat for yourself," responded one of the ladies with a smile, and with truest politeness hesitating to accept it. "Never ye mind that," said the Hibernian, "yer welcome to it. I'd ride upon the cow-ketcher any toime from here till New York for a smole from such gentlemanly ladies," and retreated into the next car amid the applause of those who witnessed the incident. Perhaps the foregoing hint to many ladies will show that a trifle of politeness has often a happy effect.

GENERAL MANAGER.

O, DEEP GREEN WOODS.

O, deep green woods! I love your tangled mazes,
Your cool and shadowy paths and winding ways,
Where spring comes joyful with her richest treasures,
To bloom and brighten through the coming days.
I love, ah, I love your mingled music,
Of wind and wave, and song of bird and bee,
Where tall trees spread their wide and winsome arches,
And zephyrs sing a low, soft minstrelsy.
Where in dim distances and unseen shadows
The quail's clear call and dove's sweet note is heard,
With hint of deep blue pools and rippling waters
Kissed by the sunlight and by light winds stirred.
Ah, with what keen delight I love to listen
To the glad music of the flowing streams!
It sounds to my enraptured soul like music
Of lost voices of the loved ones heard in dreams.
'Twas here that God first built his royal temples
Amid thy groves, O, Nature, lone and grand!
Her isles majestic, in their rapt seclusion,
For prayer and praise were fashioned by His hand.
Through all the forests of the wide world's regions
There yet resound sweet melodies of song—
Low hymns of praise and anthems proudly swelling,
Borne by the magic of the winds along.
O, solemn woods! I love thy very sadness,
Thy tears of dew, thy trailing robes of woe;
Dreams and blest memories and hearts long sunder'd,
Troop phantom-like from out the long ago.
O, wild, dark woods! I love your awful splendor,
'Mid shriek of blast and tempest's sullen roar;
The majesty of wreck, the tones of thunder
That break in fitful shocks on sea and shore.
O, lone green woods! I love your very stillness,
The hush that broods amid primeval glades;
Here silence dwells, fair spirit of the scene,
Inviting me to wander in thy shades.
Far from the thirst for fame and wild ambitions,
With those I love close to my dreaming side,
Thy glades my halls, thy woods and streams my empire
O, deep green woods, how blest with thee to bide!

MALLIE STAFFORD.

POLO.

We have recently read an account of a polo match at Peterhoff, Russia, resulting in the death of one of the players. From the account we take the following touching description:

Horse and rider still lay motionless. Was it possible that the shock could have killed them both? The man lay just as he had been sitting, turned to one side in readiness to strike the ball; so that, while his feet were still in the stirrups, his head and shoulders had fallen back on the ground.

At this death-like stillness a shudder passed through all that vast assembly; and in the carriage next to us a lady fell suddenly back against the cushions, fainting. Then two or three officers sprang forward to see what had happened, while the players leaped from their horses to assist their fallen comrade. Never have I seen a sign of higher intelligence in a brute than was then exhibited by that little Cossack pony.

As two or three of the officers, stooping, took him by the head to raise him, he looked up at them with pleading, pathetic eyes, as though entreating them to be very careful. Then slowly, cautiously, he allowed himself to be drawn away from that prostrate figure, raising himself as much as possible, that he might not crush or injure his beloved master.

No sooner was this weight removed than the officer's body turned with a quick, convulsive movement, and the next moment stiffened as though suddenly changed to stone. It made everyone shiver to see that ominous ghastly motion. The horse was no sooner on his feet than, shaking his head free from the hand that held his bridle, and stepping, oh, so carefully, he passed around to where his master's head lay. The great fur cap had fallen backwards, leaving the bronzed forehead bared. Then—the bystanders all the while looking on in pitying silence—the poor beast came close up, and putting out his tongue, touched the



WHAT WE DID IN OUR SUMMER VACATION.

officer's face lovingly, licking the temples and brow, and running his nose carefully under his chin, as though he would force his master to raise his head and speak to him. Finding this to be of no avail, he lifted his own head sorrowfully, and, looking around at the mute observers of this touching scene, gave a low pitiful whinny, which said as plainly as any words could have done:

"Can no one here help him?"

A choking sensation came into my throat, and in the carriages close around there were scarcely any eyes without tears. But there was no help. He had injured his spinal column, and snapped some ligament connecting with the brain, so that—although he was taken to the hospital and did not cease to breathe for several days—he was virtually a dead man.— *Wide Awake*.

WORCESTER, MASS., Aug. 10, 1896.

MR. ANGELL:—
Feeling indignant at seeing a span of fine horses the other day trying to brush off the flies from their sides with tails docked to within a few inches from their bodies, I have written the enclosed. If you would like it for your very interesting paper you can use it.

(Rev.) W. T. SLEEPER.

THE PUNISHMENT OF JOHN McCRONE.

BY REV. W. T. SLEEPER, Worcester.
The punishment of John McCrone,
Decreed at th' late equine convention,

Was just—as every one must own,
And of crime like his, a sure prevention.

The crime alleged was cruelty
To the equine race—life-mutilation
Of horses' tails [made purposely
To save them from the fly-vexation.]

It was too much for horses to bear.
Most shameful, barbarous and shocking!
It made the best of horses swear
To suffer such disgraceful docking.

So, on a certain day in June,
The date the papers didn't mention,
When insects' voices were in tune,
The horses held a great convention,

To see what should be done with John,
The worst among the crew of dockers,
Who'd caused full many a horse to groan
Before the face of vilest mockers.

Their poor stub-tails now wag in vain
To brush the flies from their vocation;
That they can ne'er have tails again
Just drives them into excretion.

The horse convention thus declared—
"John's hands shall both be tied behind him,
His face and neck and arms be bared,
And all the flies told where to find him.

The flies may bite his nose and eyes,
And on his flesh have scot-free crawling;
His imprecations they'll despise,
And laugh and caper at his bawling."

Treatment like this ten days will teach him
The agony that horses feel—
Deprived of nature's brush to reach 'em—
When flies their blood are bound to steal.

Receipts by M. S. P. C. A. for July.

Fines and witness fees \$65.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Mrs. Ernestine M. Kettle, \$100; Mrs. L. W. Babcock, \$25; F. H. Peabody, \$20; A friend for anti-vivisection, \$20; Cash, \$25.50.

TEN DOLLARS EACH.

G. Wigglesworth, A. G. Weeks, D. Merritt, G. W. Taylor, Mrs. J. E. Lodge, B. F. Spinney, J. W. Wheelright, A. B. Forbes, Mrs. M. C. Dwight, Mrs. E. B. Merriam.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

L. M. Chase, Morgan Construction Co., J. Mackintosh, Col. Homer Foote, Dr. W. H. A. Young, A. B. Wallace, Mrs. F. S. Mackenzie, G. Rogers, L. Prang, O. M. Wentworth, R. Codman, J. E. Cabot, Mrs. J. Winthrop, A. Reed, H. C. Thacher, W. Read, Dr. H. P. Quincy, Miss M. Weyman, Mrs. J. C. Whitin, G. Kempton, Mrs. G. Kempton, H. W. Nelson, Miss E. G. Perkins, Mrs. C. J. Pickford, S. P. Bailey, Whitman Mfg. Co., Crocker Mfg. Co., C. H. Southworth, Miss Curtis, G. H. Tinkham, Miss K. A. Tarbell, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Stickney, North Packing and Provision Co., G. H. Eager, J. N. Murdock, Mrs. L. R. Howe, Estes and Lauriat, F. G. Crane, Hon. W. G. Bassett, Mrs. J. Taft, Miss G. M. Dutcher, N. Y. Blacut Co., C. Brigham, F. Merriam, J. A. Burnham, J. C. Rogers, C. K. Lambson, Cash.

THREE DOLLARS EACH.

T. Leverett, H. C. Lagreze, S. C. Cornell, Miss A. Brewer, R. Daniels, Nat. Blank Book Co., J. A. Crane, D. S. Smith.

TWO DOLLARS EACH.

L. H. Scott, Miss A. Stebbins, Cash, J. A. Nichols, J. P. Merrill, G. F. Adams, G. B. Morison, Mrs. A. G. Weeks Jr., E. A. Cowee, Mrs. A. M. Sawyer, E. L. Davis, M. B. Whitney, A. B. Wright, J. S. Cooke, C. Bowman, E. W. Batcheller, Dr. H. E. Rice, Mrs. G. C. Gill, Mrs. A. D. Street, W. B. Whiting, A. Allyn, Dr. J. M. Patten, C. H. Church, F. L. Elliot, F. T. Owen, C. Hill, Deane Steam Pump Co., Mrs. E. A. Brooks, F. Kneeland, Mrs. E. H. R. Lyman, Miss M. P. Clark, Miss H. S. Tolman, P. L. Gillett, T. Knell, G. E. Whipple, H. M. Van Duesen, W. H. Johnson, Austin Bros., F. E. Lay, L. R. Norton.

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS.

W. H. Smith, Norton and Warren, Nat. Needle Co. R. W. Rice, Cash, Holyoke Bar Co., Holyoke Mac Co., D. Mackintosh and Sons Co., G. A. Clark, Germania Mills, Plymouth Paper Co., J. Russell & Co.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

J. M. Newcomb, C. L. Hotchkiss, Dr. J. H. Carmichael, G. M. Morton, A. F. Wilder, Dr. W. H. Andrews, T. W. Gilbert, Dr. G. D. Weston, W. A. Lincoln, P. A. Potter, Mrs. R. W. Bartlett, F. M. West, Miss L. W. Storrs, F. H. Goldthwait, J. A. Hall, C. D. Hosley, Mrs. T. F. Leonard, Mrs. C. Berry, M. H. Beals, J. H. Carter, B. Levy, J. R. Cortwell, E. O. Crowell, G. S. Dixon, F. Harrington, L. W. Farmer, Miss C. A. Derby, F. W. Hobbs, W. H. Coleman, G. E. Bryant, J. C. Bartholomew, B. P. Lane, J. H. Humphreys, F. H. Cook, D. H. Fanning, F. W. Lee, A. Potter, Miss K. J. Hubbell, C. Spaulding, D. Atwood, D. M. Collins, H. E. W. Clark, A. C. Collins, Mrs. C. F. Daby, C. W. Johnson, D. D. Johnson, Dr. W. N. Swift, J. H. Scott, G. B. Williams, C. W. Trainer, E. L. Parker, C. L. Gardner, Mrs. R. A. Bradford, J. N. Pasture, G. Whitney, J. P. Grosvenor, E. J. Vosburgh, E. Williams, P. A. Thompson, Mrs. L. N. Slade, H. Sibley, J. B. Stebbins, G. G. Adams, Mrs. L. G. Brockway, Mrs. A. L. Motte, J. B. Hucks, G. T. Baker, A. H. Goetting, Dr. B. F. Hastings, L. W. Davis, L. W. White, M. E. Gates, L. V. Robinson, E. E. Locke, A. C. Hagar, C. O. Breed, W. G. Cotton, R. S. Chase, W. H. Cundy, J. A. Woolson, T. Fitzgibbon, W. C. Simons, Besse, Carpenter & Co., Met. Furniture Co., W. G. McIntyre, Robinson & Son, Mrs. Severn, Mrs. T. Merrick, C. M. Porter, R. T. Prentiss, E. A. Ellsworth, Hol- Coal and Wood Co., F. C. Steel & Co., Goddard Mac Co., Cash, E. W. Chapin, C. F. Smith, D. A. Hollis, G. O. Wood, J. F. Stapleton Jr., J. J. Ray, Mrs. J. M. Lee, J. M. Robbins, E. P. Crowell, E. H. Warner, E. K. Howland, Dr. W. T. Learned, M. W. Reed, F. G. Smith, F. H. Rice, Mrs. H. A. Carson, J. L. Warriner, Dr. R. C. Ward, H. W. Lamb, G. W. Cook, M. B. Crane, Mrs. J. T. Ames, G. H. Springer, Mrs. C. L. Wilder, A. F. Adams, A. H. Foster, Miss A. May, Mrs. A. M. Hardy, J. W. Slavin, B. Flynn, J. Taylor, Moynan & Co., S. B. Campbell, F. A. Willcutt, S. B. Wilson, T. C. Bates, M. E. Converse, C. H. Newcomb, Mrs. C. E. Kinney, Miss A. Von Arnim, E. Collier, H. N. Lathrop, Mrs. C. Sey-

mour, J. F. Dwinell, Mrs. C. J. Rice, W. F. Sawyer, H. H. Neill, E. Jones, N. P. Griswold, E. L. Munn, Dr. A. B. Wetherell, Dr. T. A. Purcell, W. Ely & Son, Am. Pad and Paper Co., G. P. Ellison, McAulfin and Wake- lin, Cash, Mrs. E. N. Thompson, Miss C. A. Thompson, Mrs. J. S. Clark, Mrs. H. M. Tyler, J. R. Trumbull, Miss M. F. Clark, Mrs. L. B. Williams, C. H. Pierce, Miss M. M. Walker, Mrs. J. E. Tyler, Mrs. L. S. Cable, Miss A. Moffat, A. Friend, Mrs. J. A. Sullivan, Hon. H. M. Kimball, Rev. W. Gallagher, G. B. Noble, J. Mayher, J. W. Green Jr., H. L. Clark, Dr. E. S. Winslow, G. S. Colton, The Blackinton Co., W. S. Bolles, Rev. W. D. Athearn, Mrs. M. E. Starbuck, Miss M. E. Barker, B. P. Barker, A. Bryson, E. A. Allen, Mrs. C. H. Mosher, W. P. Sparrell, Mrs. C. E. Gresham, S. B. Fuller, M. Moreau, Miss A. S. Ward, Miss M. A. Hodgkins, R. A. Cowing, C. N. Clark, Norwood Ice Co., G. H. Ray, H. B. Haven, H. B. Haven Jr., H. D. Burnham, W. H. Emerson, A. J. Cook, J. H. Ashely, Woodbury & Smith, J. W. Craig, A. W. Rice, Rev. L. H. Blake, Mrs. S. M. Fowler, G. J. Loomis, F. H. Scott, Dr. J. B. Atwater, G. L. Clarke, F. L. Fuller, Rev. G. H. Griffin, Thomas Lang.

All others less than One Dollar, \$140.

Total, \$840.90.

The American Humane Education Society, \$225.00.

SUBSCRIBERS.

C. E. Miller, \$15; A. B. P. Society, \$13.36; Wm. King, \$7; Henry Washburn, \$2; Clara Dee, \$2; Emma C. Titus, \$2; F. B. McKee, \$2.75; Miss Lila Van Kirk, \$1.50; Henry Huck, \$1.50; Geo. Nye, \$1.50; Paul L. Butler, \$1.50; Griffith, Axtell & Cady, \$1.50; Miss E. F. Bissbee, \$1.50; T. H. Fowler, \$1.50; Belding Bros., \$1.50; Miss H. J. Westcott, \$1.25.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Emma L. Taggart, Edward Kendall, Mrs. L. M. McKnight, W. R. Roundy, Mrs. A. C. Estill, H. B. Smith, C. B. Potter, Mrs. Robert Swan, H. L. Niles, M. R. Gay, L. Clay Kilby, Mrs. M. M. Bray, B. Borjeson, Wm. Wood, J. P. Hunt, G. E. Russell, Miss M. D. Burnham.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

A. C. Leisenring, James Sanborn, D. Peabody, Jr., Dr. Kennedy, H. Bucholtz, M. Steiner & Sons, P. Wagor, Mrs. Barber, F. T. Farrelly, C. J. Blackstone, E. A. Hale, Carter & Cooley, Mrs. S. W. Flint, Dr. Hurlbut, Margerum Bros., O. C. W. P. Co., Hendee & Nelson, E. S. Stacey, C. A. Boyce, Loring & Axtell, C. C. Book Co., C. C. Taylor, A. G. Cross, Barrett & Leonard, Mrs. K. M. Lewis, J. H. Stevens, A. S. Winick, Mrs. C. H. Goodrich, G. H. Jenkins, G. E. Freeman, Mrs. C. H. Bonner, Eliza Babb, T. Leverett, S. C. Cornell, Mrs. E. K. Sullivan, Mrs. E. G. Cedarholm, W. N. Martin, C. F. Adams Co., C. P. Alden, N. E. P. S. Co., R. A. Colwell, Tucker & Cook Co., A. B. Curtis, W. Terrall, W. H. Dexter, Cove & Sherwood, Melts & Co., C. Rogers, E. S. Decker, J. F. Carman, S. Clark, Hamilton & Roberts, C. A. Call, W. O. Sheldon, D. A. Folsom, H. A. Shalles, W. P. Hadley, F. Barreille, F. V. Varin, May E. Lum, Miss Adeline May, John L. Manson, Miss E. W. Hatch, A. P. Fairbanks, Louise Maertz, Miss M. C. Crocker, Godden & Nugent, S. McQuaid, Cash, M. A. Allen & Son, J. Morrow, E. H. Allyn, J. R. Smith, H. P. Terry, Prof. J. E. Brady, Miss M. Damon, D. B. Seward, Miss E. C. Wile, Mrs. J. D. Raikes, Miss M. A. Kulp, Mrs. B. L. Young, P. S. Barber, A. MacSherrburne, Cecilia Ritter, J. C. Hammond, Mr. Coburn, Miss M. E. Dearden, E. B. Currier, Mrs. J. Eddy, W. P. Hammond, Miss S. Wentworth, M. H. Curran, Willie Jefferies, L. B. Coc.

All others in sums of less than fifty cents, \$24.57.

Total, \$145.93.

Publications sold, \$48.81.

Total, \$1325.64.

Receipts by the American Humane Education Society for July.

Two friends, \$250; Interest, \$80; L. M. Chase, \$5; Ronald Thomas, \$1; Mrs. John Woodward, \$6.72; Brown, Eager & Hull Co., \$6.75; City of Dover, N. H., \$9; Mrs. R. T. Paine, \$10; Miss S. J. Eddy, \$13.70; Miss A. Biddle, \$5.

All others in sums of less than five dollars, \$27.75.

Cases investigated by our Boston Offices since last report.

Whole number dealt with, 926; animals taken from work, 117; horses and other animals killed, 244.

Report of Country Agents for last Quarter.

Whole number dealt with, 239; animals taken from work, 36; killed, 25.

OLDEST NIGHT EDITOR IN THE WORLD.

We are in our 74th year, and on account of asthma do a considerable part of our editorial work in the night, and claim to be the oldest "night editor" in the world.

If in the about twenty thousand editorial offices to which this paper goes every month there is any older "night editor" please kindly inform us.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

KIND TO THE HORSES.

Mr. A. B. Forbes of Springfield, Mass., now living in Byfield, one of our members, sends us \$10 and writes:—

"I have thirty-three horses in the stable in charge of three men and a lad of fourteen. With the exception of four which were previously in other hands, I do not think one of them ever felt a whip. The men all pet them like children, and the horses will follow them about at call any time, often rubbing their noses against the cheeks of their drivers, and in other ways showing their affection."

Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications of the Massachusetts Society P. C. Animals can be obtained at our offices at the following cost prices, free of postage:—

Autobiographical Sketches and Recollections, by Geo. T. Angell, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; or cloth bound, 20 cents at office, and 25 cents mailed.

Address to Boston Public Schools, by Geo.

T. Angell . . . 2 cents each, or \$2.00 per 100

Humane Leaflets, Nos. 1 to 8, by Geo. T. Angell—

Eight of either No. or Nos., as wanted, 5 cents;

twenty-four for ten cents; one hundred, 25 cents.

Bird Leaflet, by Geo. T. Angell . . . \$0.25 per 100

Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals,

by Geo. T. Angell, at 2 cents for the

whole twelve bound together, or . . . 2.00 "

Humane Horse Book, compiled by Geo. T.

Angell, 5 cents each, or . . . 5.00 "

Humane Training and Treatment of the

Horse, by H. C. Merwin, 1 cent each . . . 1.00 "

Cattle Transportation, by Geo. T. Angell . . . 1.10 "

Protection of Animals, by Geo. T. Angell . . . 1.50 "

Five Questions Answered, by Geo. T.

Angell 50 "

The Check-Rein, by Geo. T. Angell . . . 50 "

The Cruel Over-check Card (two sides) . . . 15 "

How to Kill Animals Humanely, by Dr.

D. D. Slade 1.00 "

Service of Mercy, selections from Scrip-

ture, etc. 45 "

Band of Mercy Information, by Geo. T.

Angell 1.00 "

Fifty-two Band of Mercy Songs and

Hymns, book form, two cents for

the whole, or 2.00 "

Band of Mercy Metal Badges, 8 and 10 cents each.

Band of Mercy Ribbon Badges, 4 cents each.

Band of Mercy Register, 8 cents.

Band of Mercy Cards of Membership, 2 cents each.

Condensed Information, an eight-page pamphlet by Geo.

T. Angell, including all necessary for forming Societies for

the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and Bands of Mercy.

This, as well as the address of Mr. Angell to the National

Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union

at Nashville, Tenn., we send without cost to every one

asking.

The above can be had in smaller numbers

at the same rates.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Published on the first Tuesday of each month

by the

Massachusetts Society for the Pre-

vention of Cruelty to Animals.

TERMS:

Single copies, per annum, 50 cents; for four copies and

below ten, 45 cents; for ten and below twenty-five copies,

40 cents; for twenty-five and below fifty, 35 cents; for fifty

and below one hundred, 30 cents; and for one hundred and

more copies, as now, 25 cents each, in advance. Postage

free to all parts of the United States.

Articles for the paper, and subscriptions, may be

sent to the Editor, Goddard Building, 19 Milk St., cor.

Hawley, Boston.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE AMERICAN HUMANE

EDUCATION SOCIETY.

Active Life . . . \$100 00 Associate Annual . . . \$5 00

Associate Life . . . 50 00 Branch 1 00

Active Annual . . . 10 00 Children's 1 00

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE MASSACHUSETTS

SOCIETY P. C. A.

Active Life . . . \$100 00 Associate Annual . . . \$5 00

Associate Life . . . 50 00 Branch 1 00

Active Annual . . . 10 00 Children's 1 00

All members of the American Humane Education Society

and the Massachusetts Society P. C. A. receive OUR DUMB

ANIMALS free, and all publications of the Society.

OFFICES OF THE SOCIETY:

GODDARD BUILDING, 19 MILK STREET,

Corner Hawley Street, Boston.

